

THE
BATTLE OF THE NILE, *K*

A
DRAMATIC POEM,

ON
THE MODEL OF
THE
GREEK TRAGEDY.



LONDON:
PRINTED FOR R. FAULDER, NEW BOND STREET.

1799.

[Price Two Shillings.]

THE
BATTLE OF THE WIRE
A
DRAMATIC POEM



LONDON:
PRINTED FOR A. BALCH, NEW BOND STREET.

[Price Two Shillings]

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
HORATIO LORD NELSON,

BARON NELSON OF THE NILE, K. B.

THE COMMANDING ADMIRAL
ON THE FIRST OF AUGUST, 1798,
AT THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

IN WHICH ALMIGHTY GOD
BLESSED HIS MAJESTY'S ARMS WITH A

GREAT VICTORY

OVER THE FLEET

OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

THIS POEM IS RESPECTFULLY

INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR.

TO THE

LIGHT HOUSE

HORATIO LORON

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THE plan of the following Drama is adopted from the *Perfæ* of Æschylus. The Greek Poet composed his Tragedy in order to gratify the feelings of his Countrymen, by celebrating one of their most splendid Successes over their inveterate Enemies the Persians. As the British Victory of The Nile is hardly inferior in brilliancy, and will perhaps be equally important in its consequences to the Athenian Triumph at Salamis, the Author does not know, in what manner he could more forcibly commemorate the illustrious Exploit, than by adopting the same

means, which were so successfully employed by the Ancient Poet. He has not consulted the Greek Tragedy, since he first conceived the design, as he wished his Poem to be rather a free Imitation of the Conduct, than a servile Copy of the Sentiments of Æschylus. He has introduced the spirit of Louis rather from a desire of following his Original than from any partiality to the increasing Taste for the interposition of supernatural Agents in the affairs of the Modern Stage.

It is hardly necessary to observe, that the Poem has been composed in a very short compass of time. The Author was anxious, that it should appear, while the Public mind was still glowing with the Event, which it celebrates. This is the sole consideration which could have induced him to trespass so much upon the indulgence of his Readers, as he
must

must do, by committing so hasty a Composition to their perusal. His Poem must be full of defects. If nevertheless, from the interesting nature of the subject, it should have the good fortune to be favored with any degree of public approbation, he hopes to be enabled in a subsequent Edition to remove the Imperfections of the present.

S C E N E

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1st. Director of the Republic of France.

2nd. Director.

Minister of War.

Spirit of Louis.

Messenger.

A Mariner.

A Belgian.

Chorus. Composed of Ancient Men of Paris.

S C E N E.

The National Gardens. Temple at a distance.

**Altars near. Citizens busy in adorning them with
Flowers, Paintings, Incense, &c.**

Banners and various Trophies hung around.

T H E
BATTLE of the NILE.

MINISTER. CHORUS:

Minister. **G**AZE venerable Men, around:
Behold,

With what fond haste the joyful Citizens
Prepare the Rites of this high Festival.

Chorus. In honour of what Triumph?

Minister. Albion's fall.

The great Republic has decreed her doom;

And with gay pomp and high solemnity

Will celebrate the illustrious atchievement.

Already see, as certain of the event,

With flowery wreaths the statues they adorn:

A

Lo!

Lo! on the Altar lies the Incense pil'd,
That soon shall blaze, and breathe its fragrance
round.

From yonder Fane, to Reason consecrate,
The Goddess will descend, to whom the Free
Rescued from Superstition, prostrate bow.

Chorus. What Stories these trac'd by the Painter's hand?

Minister. These are the illustrious deeds of ancient times,

Pictur'd upon the hallow'd Altar's Base,
They shew what Romans were of yore, the Race
With whom alone our French deign to be nam'd.
Here Brutus sternly gazing on, his Son
Down bent beneath the Axe. The Younger there
Over his Friend with Poniard lifted, see,
Ready to strike.

Chorus. Examples great; but dread,
And hard to be attain'd by men, who own
Affections mild, and social Charities.

Minister. The Free alone can dare at imitation.
But see, to grace this proper Festival,
Carthage supplies unnumber'd scenes. Behold
Duilius borne in triumph through high Rome,
Displaying

Displaying naval spoils and Punic Chiefs :

Here the proud Tyrian City wrapt in flames,

Casting a dreadful radiance o'er the Deep :

There, in the Capitol, the Orator,

Grasping his Scroll most eager, thunders forth

Her doom, and shakes the Romans listening round.

Chorus. What a most hard and furious Front
he bears !

Minister. O haste, ye hours of triumph ; swift
descend

From thy proud height, O Albion. Much we long

To deck our Youths with Laurels, fill these Groves

With Pæans, and to rapture wake all France.

Three Wars the Roman wag'd bloody and long

'Gainst Carthage set in opposition dire.

The modern Mariners in days as few

Shall to the terrible Republic bow.

But see the great Directors bend this way

With reverence due, receive them Citizens.

1st DIRECTOR. 2nd DIRECTOR.

MINISTER. CHORUS.

1st Director. Ye Men of Paris, favor'd Sons
of Freedom,

Of the Great Nation Citizens illustrious,
 Conquest be ours, and Glory : — O'er the Deep,
 Far onward to the East and rising day
 France sends her Heroes forth. Malta has fall'n,
 Malta, proud scene of Knights and gallant Feats ;
 Which Solyman, imperial Sultan, nam'd
 Magnificent ; whom the wide East obey'd,
 Left after fierce assault untam'd. The Earth,
 And all her Empires sink beneath our Arms.

Chorus. Happy the Plains wash'd by our na-
 tive Seine.

Immortal Stream ! now rais'd to equal fame
 With Roman Tiber ; blest with Sons as brave.

Minister. August Directors, plac'd upon a
 Throne

Higher than e'er was reach'd by Kings, to you
 France bends. Your will is law. To you she gives
 Vain of the sway, her Fleets, her numerous Hosts,
 Her Palaces by Monarchs' built of yore,
 Her Vines, and Harvests, and high piles of Wealth.
 Ev'n life her Sons but hold as you decree
 Safety or death. Speak, and her Armies fly
 In dreadful visitation forth, and shake
 The Nations : France impatient waits your call ;

Her

Her Forests from their Mountains shall descend;
 Ocean shall groan beneath their weight; the God
 His Trident yield; and Albion be no more.

2nd. Director. Curst be the Isle: I hate the
 Race, the Name.

1st. Director. Brother, give quiet to your
 heart. Her sun

Is setting: Proud and daring though she be,
 Yet she must fall: Fate gives to France the world.

Minister. Ev'n now in other Climes, beneath
 a sky,

That smil'd on Cesar and Olympia's Son,
 Her doom is seal'd.

1st. Director. High Minister of War,
 Thou, if I not mistake, Spectator stood'st,
 When from our Harbours the proud Armament
 Held her bold way on to the boundless Deep.

Minister. I saw, and rapture fill'd my gazing eye.

1st. Director. Describe the Scene: Oft have I
 heard: Yet is
 The theme so sweet; that the ear never tires,
 And repetition charms like novelty.

Minister. I stood upon an high and barren
 Rock:

The

The Sun was rising o'er the distant Alps :
Through a deep Vale, that winds towards the
Main.

Beneath me pass'd horsemen and armed Foot,
Troop after Troop, with glittering Arms, and
Plumes

High bending, bright with Hope, burning for
Fame,

Their Temples circled with Italian Wreaths,
Soldiers and Chiefs, men more than Kings. I saw
Those who at Arcol conquer'd ; who renown'd
La Chinse, the Adige and Casafola ;

Heroes of Rivoli and Mantua ;

And who at Tarvis left a deathless name
On the cold snowy Mountains 'bove the Clouds.
On, beneath Banners waving wide, they mov'd
To sounds that breath'd of war : the Hills, the Shores
Recchoed.

1st Director. How the Picture warms my Soul.

Minister. Before them rode, mounted upon a
Steed

Richly caparison'd, a Royal Gift,
Bearing upon his Helm a stately Plume,
The Hero, who hath rais'd the fame of France,

Italia's

Italia's dread. All eyes he drew, yet pass'd
 Proudly unheeding on: The multitudes,
 Spread o'er the hills, upsent a loud acclaim;
 But He, for his high soul disdain'd applause,
 Fix'd on the Main far onward to the East
 Intent his ardent eye. Upon the shore
 A Messenger from the Imperial Court
 Before him stood: Instant he turn'd away
 In just contempt of Kings and Emperors,
 And with proud foot mounted the lofty Bark.

1st. Director. O France, your vaunted Louis,
 at the hour,
 When his great name sat in its high meridian,
 Dar'd not display a Spirit so illustrious.

Minister. O had your eyes fed on the glorious
 scene,
 When forth in pomp sail'd the proud Armament.
 The sea was mild; the sky was clear. The Rocks,
 That like a Crescent form the beauteous Bay,
 Were spread with gazing multitudes. The sign
 Was seen. The cheering farewell loud uprais'd
 Was heard from every Bark. A thousand Sails
 Open'd their gleaming Canvas to the Sun:
 A thousand Streamers wanton'd in the wind.

The

The Vessel huge, bearing the Italian Chief
 Pride of our Harbours, foremost rode : then pass'd
 Scatter'd in groups, Transports and armed Ships,
 A Navy vast, covering the wide spread Bay.
 Along the distant Rocks they held their course ;
 Then dar'd the opening Main. With eager eye
 We saw them gradual lessen, saw them steer
 Towards a Promontory vast and high
 Far stretching out in Ocean. Round the point
 Winding they disappear'd ; and nought was seen
 But the extended sea and vaulted sky.

1st. Director. O France, O Paris, seat of Liberty,

O Towers and Temples, haunts of Freemen, you
 The Winds the Waves obey. Your sons they bear
 To Syria, Arab, and the Land of Nile.

The Empire old and vast of Othman's race.

Falls at your touch : Beyond the gulph of Orm,
 Beyond the Ind, and Ganges, famous Streams,
 In lands which Alexander left untrod,

Your Banners fly, your Clarions sound. The
 East

Submits. Her Spices breathe, her Balsams blow
 For Gallia, and the sons of Seine and Rhone.

2nd. Director.

2nd. Director. Then Albion falls never to rise
again.

That hated race on Indian Plains alone
Can find destruction : they have Power, have Fame,
In Honour, Justice, errors old, severe,
Aw'd by a God and dread of other worlds,
Of purpose stern, dauntless in resolution,
Hateful of Flattery, Foreign Gold disdaining,
And wedded firm to that base prejudice
Their Country's love. O rise ye Waves, and
whelm

The Land, the Race. But for that puny Isle,
Cover'd with fogs and mildews, cast aside
By careless Nature from her nobler parts,
Europe had bow'd entire ; and the wide Earth
From East to farthest West obey'd our France.

1st. Director. That proud that great event now
hastens on.

Behold yon Elmy Grove with Summer green :
Ere the leaf wither, or the sapless branch
Bend with the cold weight of the Winter snow,
Her Sceptre shall be broke ; and over Thames
From London's Walls and Towers our Banners
wave.

B

2nd. Director.

2nd. Director. O all ye guardian Deities of
France,

To whom our Temples rise, our Altars blaze,
Freedom and Reason and Equality,
Befriend your Sons; and nerve the arm that strikes
At Albion's weal. So may the wide Terrene
Leave their false Gods, and your high names adore.

CHORUS.

Chorus. O Brothers, thus alone, we may indulge
Our griefs, may pour our souls unaw'd: too far,
Too far, to evil days and evil scenes
Nature hath borne us on: The Truths, the rites
Sacred or moral, taught in youth, we see
Prophan'd, and the Professor mark'd with scorn.
We see the bands of soft Society
Dissolv'd; Ev'n fond Affections, Instincts pure,
'Gainst the strong force of Nature, for the time
Strangely extinct. O France, O native Land,
O Realm in which our Fathers glorious liv'd,
We love thee; we adore: thy exaltation
Chang'd as thou art, would through our lagging
Veins
Kindle again our Youth's proud blood. But ah!

These

These triumphs, but the meteors of a day,
 Delight us not : Thy Rulers young and vain,
 O'erpower'd by long Prosperity, let loose
 The Passions, and to Justice deaf, rush on
 Like the rough storm, resistless, terrible,
 Making the world sport for their wild Ambition.
 Not such the Empire rais'd for length of time.
 The loss of Public Honour, Public Faith
 We mourn: and thee O Justice, fountain pure
 Of Right, thee most lament we : thou must be
 Where Men seek lasting Triumphs : Thou alone
 Can'st sure Dominion raise, or rais'd maintain.

STROPHE I.

Stern Spirit, of unbending mind,
 Ev'n to thyself, at duty's call, unkind ;
 To whom, thy purpose to restrain,
 A kneeling world would plead in vain ;
 Where thou bear'st sovereign sway, the land
 Firm, as an Alpine Rock, shall stand ;
 Secure shall see the storms of Battle blow ;
 And shelter all her Sons, and prostrate hurl her
 Foe.

ANTISTROPHE I. 2.

Our Sires, a savage Race, of yore
 Roam'd the wild Heaths and barren mountains
 o'er;
 Thou first the Hordes did round thee call;
 And rear the lofty City's Wall;
 Join the nice frame of Law; controul
 The Passions; and adorn the Soul.
 Man learnt a nobler Nature to disclose;
 And Egypt form'd the sage; and famous Athens
 rose.

STROPHE 2. 3.

Power, with relentless Rage allied,
 And Soul subduing Terror at his side,
 Hiding his proud front 'mid the sky,
 And lifting the red Spear on high,
 May rush through blood from land to land,
 And seem the wide Earth to command;
 Soon without thee his Empire melts away,
 A Fabric rais'd on Sand, a Statue shap'd from Clay.

ANTISTROPHE 2. 4.

Why proudly midst the deathful storm,
 Does Albion lift unhurt her awful Form?
 Why, as her Rocks resist the wave,
 The shock of rushing nations brave?
 Why to the heights of Glory climb,
 And there with firm foot stand sublime?
 Justice, 'tis thine; thy precepts she ador'd;
 With thee her Councils plann'd; for thee un-
 sheath'd the Sword.

EPODE.

Intrepid Spirit, as of yore
 To rising Rome, on Tiber's shore,
 Thou did'st appear: so now on Seine
 Our Pride and wild Ambition rein:
 Go with our Legions forth; and be
 Our Pilot o'er the deathful Sea:
 Upon their daring way
 The Gallic Conquerors stay,
 And bid them only on, where thou dost
 guide;

Be

Be with thy awful mien,
 By wondering Nations seen ;
 Severe o'er Gallia's Councils to preside :
 So be our Sons with Glory crown'd ;
 And humbler Nations willing bow around,
 And love the blisful Land, where, Justice, thou
 art found.

MINISTER. CHORUS. 1st. DIRECTOR.
 2nd. DIRECTOR.

Minister. Joy to you, Men of Paris, Glory
 and Fame :

The great Republic triumphs : Victory,
 Faithful to Freedom, wreaths in distant Climes
 Her Laurels round the brows of our Defenders.

Chorus. The world alone can limit our renown.

Minister. Among the tributary Realms of
 France,

Egypt is number'd, all the Land of Nile.
 From City on to City pass'd our Hosts,
 And where they came, they conquer'd, Mighty
 States,

People and King, expecting stood, and bow'd

Obse-

Obsequious. Our Renown, much as our Arms,
 Won our bold way. In vain the Arab wild
 From fleet unbridled Courser shower'd the Storm
 Of Arrows, and to Desarts backward sped.
 Vain was his Seymitar and fiery Steed
 To the enervate servile Marmaluke.
 All perish'd, or beneath their native Nile
 Whelm'd, or in death biting their torrid Sands.
 From Turkish Towers, and the high tops of
 Mosques

Fell the pale Crescent: while triumphant Gaul
 Saw her proud Banners wave in wanton pride
 From Cairo's Walls and Memphian Pyramids.

Chorus. Rapid has been the course, at once,
 and glorious.

1st. Director. Few Suns upon us rose, from when
 We bound our anchor'd Barks to Afric's Rocks,
 Till Egypt, potent Realm, obey'd. Our March
 Was rapid as the Nile at overflow;
 And, as his torrent, irresistible.

Like the disclosed Lightening, we were seen
 In but a point of time from North to South.
 Great the renown of Rome, while Rome was
 free,

For

For length of March, and boundless Rule : But

Rome

From age to age, race after race, toil'd on
Building up Empire. Lo ! one Lustre past,
France hath erected Domination wide,
From Suez Eastward on the Arabian wave,
To Gades farthest West ; a range like which
Was scarcely roam'd of yore, ' desert and wild,
By Indian Bacchus, or the Herculean might.

2nd. Director. Albion, attend, and tremble.

1st. Director. While we speak,
Beneath the Sun, that now above us shines,
The pillar, that her strength Colossal bears,
Moulders in dust. Our Gauls have pass'd the Seas,
And left the fiery Desarts' waving Sands,
The Nubian Mountains and the poison'd air.
On Indian Shores, Deccan and Malabar,
Or, rounding Ceylon's Isle, within the Bay,
Where Ganges sea-like ends beneath Bengal,
Our Banners they unfurl : our Files display'd,
The Briton drops appall'd his sword ; in gaze
The Native stands, and wondering bows submissive.

2nd. Director. Albion has been : Her Wealth
her glorious Name

Have

Have been. Among the Realms beneath our sway
 Now rank her Isle. So great, so wish'd the event,
 That though at hand, and doubtless to be wrought,
 Strange Fears with Hope are mix'd. Give me to
 see,

O France, the fall of those rude Islanders,
 And their proud Monarch at my feet, enough
 I shall have liv'd ; and in eternal sleep,
 Sated with Glory, will repose content.

Minister. To this great work our dreadful
 force we bend

Entire. The power of Othman, Friend of France,
 An Empire peopled well and large, we dare :
 Malta we seize secure in peace and faith :
 Ev'n Alla's name we learn in Orient Climes
 To bless, and Wine renounce, and bow in Mosques
 Obsequious. All which Art can win, or Power
 Can force, 'gainst Albion and her Sons we try,
 Roaming the wide Terrene to work her fall.

1st. Director. All these our Patriot toils are
 crown'd at length
 With Glory. Be it loud through France proclaim'd
 That Albion falls.

C

Minister.

Minister. The sound has gone abroad
From Northen Calais to the mouths of Rhone.

1st. Director. Marshall our Armies instantly for
England.

With thousands and ten thousands, Hosts on Hosts
In numbers without number,
Cover the Atlantic Shore and the long Coast
Of those fell Streights that guard the hated Race.
Fill all our Northern Towns with Armies, Brest,
Calais and Havre, Dunkirk and St. Omer:
There let them, like the noble Fowls of prey,
Expectant over Albion hang; there muse
Till the great hour, on vengeance; there by threats,
And hope of spoil, and meditated Rage,
And the dread joy of wild extermination,
Work'd up to savage fury, wait, like Hounds
Within the slips, and pant to be let loose
Upon the proud and barbarous Islanders.

2nd. Director. That this just fury want not pro-
vocation,
That the whole soul be lash'd up into madness,
That pity visit not the heart, nor jot
Of human weakness move it, be with care
Rumours dispers'd of strange barbarities,

Captives

Captives entomb'd in Dungeons deep and dark,
 Fathers and Sons and Brothers pining sad
 In famine, of the Prison's noxious air,
 Of poison'd Water and unwholesome Bread;
 Such tales, among the murmuring Soldiers spread,
 Will like intoxicating fumes, inflame
 To wildness, and the direst passions rouse.

1st. Director. Be it through France to sound
 of Trump proclaim'd
 That England, like a City storm'd in war
 Is render'd up to plunder Gallia's spoil.

2nd. Director. Now, thou proud Minister, that
 hast aspir'd
 To bear thy Country singly up 'gain'st France,
 Holding her forth in idle ostentation
 Saviour of Europe and sole Arbitress;
 Now tremble, and thy daring vain repent:
 'Tis fix'd thou die, Though uneduc'd by Gold,
 Nor terrified by threats, and holding stern
 Thy purpose, all else bow'd or falling off,
 Thou now must yield; and little will avail
 Or Patriot Spirit, or Atchievements past,
 Or Glory, or thy grateful Country's love.

1st. Director. O Citizens, the subject lifts my soul,

And my full heart dilates with exultation.
 Our dreadful Mandates have gone forth, and doom'd
 The haughty and renown'd Metropolis;
 The seat of Men no more, she shall become
 The haunt of Fowl and Beast: a Pillar sole
 Rais'd on her Ruins, to remotest times
 Shall stand, and mark the spot, where London was.

Chorus. We would not, high Directors, breathe
 a word,

That might or check the joy, or damp the fire,
 Now blazing: But let Reason rule our thoughts:
 A Nation free, prosperous, and great, like ours,
 In actions should be shewn, not boastings vain.
 What if, for once, Fortune our Standard leave?

1st. Director. Perish the coward thought, child
 of weak age;

Our French, with courage far renown'd, defy
 Her treacherous wiles; see now beneath the Spear,
 In yonder Mart, devoted Britain's spoils
 Proffer'd in sale to the rich Citizens,
 Her Palaces, her Nobles' rural Seats,
 Her pleasant Gardens on the banks of Thames,
 Her Pastures green by fruitful Rivers spread,
 Her Champains wide, Forests, and oak-clad Hills,
 Our

Our Gauls already number o'er, and claim
As Right, and will ere long secure possess.

Minister. Mine be the care that at the hour in
which

Our Eastern Triumphs are proclaim'd and loss
Of Indian Wealth to Albion, from our shores
The Legions multitudinous descend;
And on the Isle, with consternation seiz'd,
Burst like a storm, and at a blow destroy.

1st. Direct. Go on, ye happy Citizens, pre-
pare

The Altars, flowery Wreaths, and festal Quires,
Sweet aids of Mirth. All France shall joy. The
Bard

Shall in fine phrenzy lofty Pæans frame;
And Seine, and Loire, and Garonne shall resound
Music's wild notes: On our high Hills shall
blaze

The lofty Piles, danc'd round by happy Gauls:
Our Cities all be grac'd with Laurel Wreaths;
And the wide Realm be one great Theatre;
A People in the hour of Glory met,
Victors rejoicing, their great Foe o'erthorn.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Chorus. Farewell ye daring souls, sons of Ambition.

Far other thoughts, bred of Experience, rule
Our Bosoms : we have longer liv'd, and seen
The hopes of proud Man blasted : We have
known

What hazards nice wait the bold enterprize,
What tragic deeds oft close the eventful scene
Open'd in joy and promise. These are truths
Which lapse of years and flux of human things
Have taught your Fathers : and you Sons, will
know

Adversity, and Fortune's bitter change,
Upon the high tide of Prosperity
Ye have been borne : to the proud top uprais'd
Of Empire, and with Victories adorn'd,
You see the Realms of Europe prostrate bow,
Waiting your will, one people sole except,
Whom to have left unconquer'd brings no shame,
Nor this exalted station do you hold
Or meekly, or in Justice ; and each State
Trust to the voice of age, though now it yield

Prudent,

Prudent, and bend before the driving Storm,
 With the first blast of adverse fate, will rise
 Indignant, and its proud Oppressors crush.
 Nor can we not mistrust your boasts so high
 Thunder'd 'gain't Britons. Midst the wreck of
 States

They hold their Isle in peace, and stand secure ;
 Baffling our Legions, as their Rocks the Sea.
 What Swords, what Banners shews Parisian Seine
 England's disgrace ? But Trophies numberless
 Her Glory, grace her Temples and high Mart.
 When was the time, go back through Centuries,
 In which our Gaul 'gain't Albion lifted Sword,
 And did not lay it down baffled and sham'd ?
 These are the thoughts of Age, prudent and cool,
 Ev'n for our Sons, now warring in the East,
 We fear, nor lightly : Britons too are there :
 And ev'n if Britons give no check, the Clime,
 The People, marches long, and burning Sands,
 And Famine, and unnumber'd desperate ills,
 Which rush in threatful visions on the mind,
 O'erpower us, and with trembling shake our
 frames.

STROPHE.

STROPHE. I.

When first on Afric's torrid strand
 The bold Gaul springing touch'd the sand,
 Sudden a Serpent, Omen dread,
 With belly prone of monstrous size,
 And blood and venom in his eyes,
 From Pompey's Pillar heav'd his head,
 And mov'd in volumes on, a hideous train.
 Then, with fierce Crest above the ground,
 He roll'd his forked Tongue around ;
 And on a Gaul, rising to strike in vain,
 Darting infix'd a deadly wound.

In wild amaze

The Legions gaze :

Down black with rushing death the victim
 sunk.

The Monster safe recoil'd and to his Covert
 sunk.

ANTISTROPHE.

Ah ! see before me dreadful rise

The ills of those distemper'd skies.

There the burning Defart's breath,

Touch'd with Fire and bearing Death :

There

There the Arab leaves his Dart
 Flying in the Invader's heart :
 There along the darkening Land
 In waving Mountains rolls the Sand :
 There on the burning Temples plays
 The torrid Sun's Meridian blaze :
 While Thirst, the Tyrant of those hot Do-
 mains,
 With torture wrings the sense, to Madness fires
 the veins.

ÉPODE.

Thou too O Pestilence, art there,
 Fell Child of Summer's blasted air :
 In Ethiopian Forests rank,
 In Cairo's stifled Allies dank,
 Clouded with noxious vapour thou dost rise ;
 And moving o'er the Land,
 No Weapon in thy hand,
 Midst silence drear, or lowly murmur'd cries,
 See'st Crowds around thee dying bow,
 And in mute terror wait thy blow ;
 Or in the distance wild appear,
 Forth flying to the Desert drear.

ANTEPODE.

O daring Patriots, valiant Band,
 Whose infant forms 'twas ours to rear,
 Whose arm we taught to lift the Spear,
 Dear to your Fathers and your native Land;
 For you we pour these tears,
 For you we breathe these fears:
 O swiftly o'er the billowy main
 May kind gales bear you to these hills again.
 Upon the sounding Shore,
 All toils and danger o'er,
 Your faithful friends your fathers burn
 To clasp their helmed Youth, and hail their wish'd
 return.

1st. DIRECTOR. 2nd. DIRECTOR. CHORUS.

1st. Director. A Messenger from the Egyptian
 shore!

2nd. Director. Ev'n now conferring with the
 Minister.

1st. Director. This long mysterious silence
 frights my Soul.

2nd. Director. My fears are great: lonely, 'tis
 said, and slow,

No

No sound of joyful Horn before him blown;
 He mov'd along; nor to enquiring Crowds
 Gave Gratulation; nor upon his Helm
 Shewed, as in sign of joy, the Laurel Bough.

Chorus. O my prophetic fears!

MINISTER. 1st. DIRECTOR. 2nd. DI-
 RECTOR. CHORUS.

Minister. Rulers of France,
 Now steel your breasts: that nobleness of Soul
 Now shew, midst triumphs never yet attain'd,
 True Fortitude, firm Spirit in defeat.

1st. Director. Bloody the scene such prologue
 ushers in.

Minister. Behold the Messenger: by him be told
 What I would ne'er have heard, will not relate.

Messenger. O France, in happy hour, and with
 high hope
 Enliven'd, I did leave thee: now I come
 Heavy and slow the saddest Messenger,
 That ever fill'd a mourning Land with tears.

Chorus. O my unhappy Sons, for you I fear!

2nd. Director. Speak'st thou of England's
 Glory? Quick unfold.

Messenger. Ye Spirits of the brave, ye Warriors
 Slain,
 Who rest beneath the Ocean, witness ye,
 With what reluctance, agony of thought,
 And faint heart sickness I recall the day
 On which ye fell, the scene so glorious
 To England, and the triumph of her sons.

2nd. Director. Sounds hateful, sounds tormenting.

Messenger. But too true.
 The Sun shall on our proud Fleet rise on more,
 Hear the recital sad, There is a Bay,
 The Egyptian Hordes call it Aboukir, deep,
 Secure, and calm. Herein in level Row
 We moor'd our Barks: their Anchors bit the Sand,
 A Rock, that barren rises near, we crown'd
 With Cannon, that did seem to guard our Front,
 Threatening to tear the hostile Fleet oppos'd.
 But, though a Foe let me to Worth be true,
 No danger can o'ercome the skill, or daunt
 The Souls, of Britons. As the Sun went down,
 They left the open Main, entering the Bay
 With spreading Sails and Colours waving wide,
 And Cannons threatening; and, no shout uprais'd
 No voices heard, with master'd Courage stern,

Sound-

Sounding the Shallows, steer'd midst Rocks and Sands
 Adventurous, till 'twixt us and Egypt's Coast
 Half of their Fleet lay anchor'd: Then began
 The work of Death. On either side each Bark
 Its whole Artillery pour'd: The darken'd Waves
 Flash'd momentary to ten thousand Fires,
 With the dread stroke the Vessels shook: The
 Rocks
 And cavern'd Shores with replications dire
 Resounded. Egypt's tawny Sons look'd on
 In wild amaze: The Monsters of the Nile
 Heard, and within their sedgy Lairs retir'd
 Lay trembling. Night came on, and o'er the scene
 New terrors pour'd, darkness and silence. On
 With added fury rag'd the War. The Balls
 Fell thicker. Down the gallant Warriors sunk,
 Chieftains and vulgar, side by side in death.
 Red o'er the Decks the blood in torrents flow'd.
 The Sails and tatter'd Shrouds flew wild: At times
 Some lofty Mast shiver'd came tumbling down
 With hideous crash and ruin wide: Midst death
 And desolation fury new inflam'd
 Each side Britons and Gauls, the fear of shame,
 Vengeance, hereditary hate, Despair,
 Hope,

Hope, or the thought of Fame through endless
 time;
 A mingled war of Passions. Long the strife,
 And doubtful. Victory to neither lean'd,
 At length, the Bark, largest of all our Fleet,
 Through the deep gloom of darkness, wrapt in
 flames,
 Shone dreadful forth, and into air up flew
 With lustre dazzling from excess of light,
 And loud explosion dire, with which compar'd
 Thunder is soft, that shook air, earth, and sea.
 The Shores of Egypt trembled and their Towers;
 The Pyramids and Cairo's sacred Mosques
 Heard from afar; and Thebes, did Thebes now
 stand,

Had with her hundred Gates been mov'd,

Chorus. My God! my God!

1st. Director. O Terrible!

Messenger. The Battle ceas'd,

And silence reign'd more dreadful far than sounds
 Most dreadful. Consternation held all mute,
 Under a Cope of falling Fire we stood;
 Red Bolts, and blazing Sails, and burning Masts,
 And fragments dread of monstrous size in flames

On

On us in terrible confusion shower'd.
 From that malignant hour the Glory fell
 Of France, and Hope her gallant Sons forsook,
 Yet on they toil'd, desperate of Victory,
 Of Fame still mindful, and subdu'd in Power,
 Not spirit, terrible ev'n in defeat.
 But such is British Valour, British Skill,
 Not long the contest. Four alone escap'd,
 Of all our gallant Barks, the furious Foe:
 The rest or in the whelming Waters sunk,
 Or under hostile Colours captur'd lie.

Minister. O Day of grief and endless shame to
 France.

Messenger. Sad was the sight, when Morn re-
 turning shew'd
 Our Ruins. Gallic Barks, no longer proud
 With stately Masts and Streamers, shatter'd lay
 Wrecks on the Ocean, ours no more. The Bay
 Was ting'd with blood. Rudders and broken
 Masts,
 A melancholy scene, lay floating round,
 The Shores were spread with Corfes, and each Wave
 Slow borne, came loaded with the dead. Mean
 time

From

From Ship to Ship were heard the groans of men
Under sharp wounds lamenting. Gloomy thoughts
Sadden'd the Captives, who with envy view'd
The dying and the dead, o'er whom they hung
Or mourning, or attendant, duties sad.

Chorus. O Warriors brave in vain ! Unhappy
Sons !

1st. Director. Loud doubtless were the vaunting
Conqueror's shouts.

Messenger. No : ne'er did Man, with such bright
Glory cloath'd,

Bear him so meek. To God he gave the praise,
Owning himself his humble Minister.

The Honours proud heap'd on him he receiv'd
With blushes, or with gentle speech repell'd,
As one scarce worthy. When he nam'd the
Fight,

He rather sought pardon for deeds undone,
Than praise for noblest Feats achiev'd.

1st. Director. Forbear :
His praises through the wide World will resound
No doubt : His fame, I know, can never die :
But in my ears let his name enter not :
I sicken at the sound.

mor

Chorus.

Chorus. O France, depriv'd
Of Glory and of many gallant Sons,
In one short night depriv'd: But now, thy will
Through one wide Sea was law: now thou dost fly
In every Ocean upon every Shore
From thy triumphant matchless Enemy!

1st. Director. So ends the scene of Albion's
promis'd fall.

Minister. O were the hated Isle whelm'd in
the Sea!

Ev'n now, O Citizens, while here we stand
In deep Despondence sunk and pallid shame;
From all her Towers the joyful Streamers wave;
Through all her Vales the merry Bells resound;
While, grac'd with Laurels, through his native
Land,

Reechoing shout of mirth, the Briton roves
Swelling with Pride, and lighted up with Joy.

Chorus. Far other scenes sadden our hapless Land.
O Youths belov'd, O Slaughter'd Sons, for you
In bitterness of heart we weep, and mourn,
Unhappy France, thy dire defeat and shame.

Minister. Observe our Brother there: how
fix'd he stands

E

Musing

Musing in agony severe. On Earth
He bends his eye, and has not utter'd word,
Since the sad Messenger his story told.

1st. Director. Brother, you tremble, pale-
ness o'er your face

Quick wanders, chang'd as quick to fiery red.

2nd. Director. O thou Republic, rais'd in prof-
perous hour

Upon the wreck of Thrones, some few days past
So great, so dread, Rival of famous Rome ;

It was my hope to have exalted thee

To a proud height, from which on all the Realms

Of the wide Earth, beneath thee low depos'd,

Thou might'st have look'd in Lordship down,

and sent

Thy mandates forth to her extremest Shores.

Away ambitious dream. Had Albion fall'n,

Though the four quarters of the world had come

In opposition, thou hadst met the shock,

And ris'n superior ; O that hateful Isle !

Her Genius overawes, and keeps thee down !

Minister. We yet may rally, Albion yet may
fall.

2nd. Director. Never, O Minister, while thou
or I Gaze

Gaze on yon Sun and breathe this vital air.
 Long o'er our Graves shall beat the Winter Storm,
 Ere Nation rise, able upon the Seas
 To master her triumphant Fleets ; or stay
 Their Shock tremendous, Bark to Bark oppos'd.

CHORUS.

Chorus. O France, devoted Realm, we much
 lament
 Thy lost, thy hapless Sons : They were the prey
 Of wild Ambition and hard Tyranny.
 Ye gallant Youths, who pour'd on Egypt's Coast
 Your lives, peaceful may be your sleep in death.
 O ye have sunk, your aged Sires with tears
 Dwell on the thought, have perish'd in a cause,
 Where those, who reverence Truth, should not
 be found,
 And Ruin, sure or soon or late to fall
 Upon the unjust, hath early fallen on you.
 Ye died not fighting for your native Land ;
 Nor lifting Sword against your Country's Foes ;
 But on a People happy and in Peace,
 Your friends, who wish'd your weal, no war de-
 clar'd,

No outrage suffer'd, ev'n in the hour, in which
 Ye promis'd Safety most, and spotless Faith,
 Ye rush'd, and hurl'd the storm of horrid War.
 O Shame of broken Faith! O perjured France!
 Therefore, though in a gallant field ye fell;
 No fame is yours, no glory from your death
 Waits on your name or kindred. O extreme
 Of misery, when to loss and shame we add
 The thought, that on us merited they come.
 Ye were oppos'd to a Foe, who stand
 Lords of the Sea: through ages they o'ermatch'd
 Our Sires: And we ne'er send our Navy forth,
 But to adorn their Brows with Laurels new.
 To break their Power, or on the broad Sea cry,
 Here be thy bounds, O Briton, stay thy Barks,
 Were task as vain, as to attempt the Winds
 To circumscribe, or stop the driving tide
 Wild pouring in over the broken Rocks.

STROPHE. I.

Forth rush'd the furious storm of yore,
 Which northward from our own Mainland tore
 A Promontory vast and steep;
 And plac'd it in th' unbounded deep:

While

While through the Chasm, yawning wide,
 Pour'd in the all-subduing Tide.
 The new born Isle below the Main
 Was bound with adamantine Chain;
 Sublime the hoary Cliffs were rear'd;
 While interpos'd delicious scenes appear'd,
 Green Woods, and airy Downs, and Streams,
 and Vales,
 Shining with Summer Suns, and sooth'd with
 Western Gales.

ANTISTROPHE I.

High on a Cliff above the Flood,
 The Genius of the Island stood:
 A Sea green Vest was round him spread;
 A Wreath of Sea-weed twin'd his head;
 He shook his Trident o'er the Deep,
 And sung his wild Song from the Steep.
 Ye Strangers of a foreign Strand,
 O come to my delightful Land:
 Here ancient Oaks the high Hills crown;
 Here white Flocks range o'er many a swelling
 Down;

Here

Here Thames majestic flows through fruitful
 Plains;
 And Devon's fairy Vales resound the Minstrel's
 Strains.

STROPHE 2.

The Isle, though small, of unknown name;
 Shall rise in distant times to fame;
 And all the wide World's richest Stores
 Reach on each entering Tide my Shores.
 Descending from their Hills the Woods
 Shall floating stem the briny Floods:
 My Britons quit the peaceful Vale,
 And rear the Mast, and spread the Sail,
 And, with proud Banners high unfurl'd,
 Bound o'er the billowy Deep, and awe the
 World.

Come then, ye Strangers, to my Shores, and be
 Lords of this happy Isle, and Rulers of the Sea.

ANTISTROPHE 2.

They heard: and to the unpeopled Shore
 Their Arms and Tents and Kindred bore;
 Founded

Founded a warlike Race, and gave
 A Ruler to the stormy Wave.
 And He, who, swell'd with fancies vain,
 Disputes their long establish'd reign,
 Or in the Deep will breathless lie,
 Or pine in sad Captivity,
 Or, like yon Gaul, the contest o'er,
 In one weak shatter'd Bark regain the Shore;
 Who flies in evil hour Egyptian Nile,
 And leaves the World of Waves to Britain's
 favor'd Isle.

1st. DIRECTOR. 2nd. DIRECTOR. MINI-
 STER. CHORUS.

Minister. Gallia to arms: prepare to hear of
 War,
 War in advance, not, as of late, on Rhine,
 Or distant Po, but at your Gates arriv'd,
 Dread thundering round your peaceful homes.
 The Arts
 Of Albion, but much more her Firmness tried
 Mid't danger, and her Prowess, mutual Faith
 Restoring, rouse the West from side to side.

1st. Director.

1st. Director. Then farewell to the lofty hopes
of France !

Farewell Ambition ; we have reach'd the height
Of all our Fame ; and, like the glorious Sun,
When Noon is past, we hasten to our setting ;
Nor ever more in the full blazing Sky
Shall we attract the wondering gaze of man.

Minister. Far to the North, spread o'er West-
phalian Plains,

Prussia his Legions threatful moves. The Elbe,
The frozen Oder, and cold Baltic Shores
Nerv'd their firm Limbs. To Camps devoted,
Peace

Bringing no rest from Martial toil, they shew,
To what height human strength, by human skill
Ordered, and to perfection wrought, may climb.
Hundreds of Thousands, clad in shining Arms,
And shaded o'er by Banners, that display
An Eagle bearing an Imperial Crown,
Severely silent, as one man compact,
They move, and o'er Batavia, like a storm,
Hang dark, and soon may deluge all her Coasts.

1st. Director. Ruin o'ertake the haughty Mo-
narch's Throne.

England

England with dazzling blaze of Victory
 Kindles his enterprizing Soul, averſe
 To leave to Britons ſole the high renown
 Of bounds preſcrib'd to Gallia's daring ſons.

Minifter. The ſound of Arms diſturb'd Ger-
 mania hears :

Round the low borders of Hungarian Lakes,
 And up on cold Carpathian Rocks, the Youth
 Have heard the Imperial call, and ſeize the ſpear.
 While numerous Legions nearer lie, and wait
 The Trump, impatient of defeat and fame
 Under eclipse long held. Reclin'd in Tents,
 Or near Italian Streams, Mincius and Po,
 Or thoſe bleſt Vales, which under Alpine hills
 Shelter the peaceful Grifons, gloomy, fierce,
 And ſham'd well nigh to phrenzy by diſgrace,
 They liſt the warlike Eagle, and unſheath
 The far-reſplendent Sword, burning to leave,
 As fits heroic Souls, to later times
 Their ancient Empire ſav'd and fame reſtor'd.

1ſt. Director. Diſpatch a Courier, nimble as
 the light,
 Immediate to the Rhine; without delay
 Command our Embaſſy to bow their plume,

F

And

And from their lofty claims descend. Intrigue
 And tame submission now must take the place
 Of loftiness, and proud imperious Power.

1st. DIRECTOR. 2nd. DIRECTOR.

MINISTER. CHORUS. MESSENGER.

Messenger. Gallia, the Turk is up in arms :

On high

From Mosque and Tower I saw the Crescent
 gleam.

O'er wide Propontis and the Bosphorus.

I saw the rous'd Seraglio's veteran Files,

Spahis and Janisaries, turban'd Hosts,

Adorn'd with bending Scymitars, the grace

And shield of Othman's royal house. They lift

The Lance, and ask the promis'd Fight, and wild

Point to the Christian Foe : Ardent they burn

To raise the shout of Triumph, or in death

Rise upon high to Paradise, and there

With blooming Houris' dwell in blissful Bowers.

2nd. Director. With Houris let them dwell, so

Gaul possess

Their

Their Paradise, and Virgins of the Earth
 Dull heavy Race to sleep securely on,
 E'en while our Barks hung threatful o'er their
 Ports.

Messenger. Russia, gigantic Power, who all
 the North
 Asian and European sways, collects
 Her Warriors, and in multitudes descends.
 As some vast tide, Ganges or Wolga, flows
 Swell'd in its course by numerous Streams, that
 rise

On hills far distant, watering famous Realms :
 So on the Russian rolls, gathering from tribes
 Various and wide his force, the Cossacs fierce.
 Once Poles, who now on Tanais dwell, at length
 Free from Oppressors : The Siberian Hordes,
 Or Ostiacks or remote Tungusii, spread
 Wide, nigh the Pole, o'er snowy Wastes, through
 which

Oby and Lena frozen currents creep :
 The Tartars, wandering Desarts now no more
 From Pasture on to Pasture, stream to stream,
 But into Towns Kasan and Astracan,
 Collected, learn the charm of social life.

Thousands besides approach diverse in speech,
 Admiring each the other's strange Attire
 And Colour, manners new, and varying shape
 Kalmucks and Fins and Kamschadals. Combin'd
 They move in files to Danaw and the Rhine;
 Or under sail steer on to Grecian Isles,
 Intrepid, furious, desperate of life,
 Not knowing but to conquer, such, as once
 O'erturned old Rome, Protectors, now they say,
 Of Europe, but ere long, perhaps, its Lords.

2nd. Director. That Foe is dread indeed.

They lie in peace
 Remote: No Bark of ours can touch their Coast,
 No Legion wave its Banners o'er their plains,
 A continent between: From Russian Hosts,
 Defeat escap'd, nothing to France can come
 But empty Fame with loss of Men and Wealth.

Messenger. At Naples, England's Fleet and
 Nelson's name,
 Triumphant through the Eastern Seas, have fir'd
 Her Councils, and the dubious Legions rous'd.
 The Youth with patriot spirit rush to arms.
 They leave their Hills, and genial Skies, and Vines,
 Their Olive planted Groves, and Myrtle Shores

Circling

Circling delightful Bays: The wooded Steeps,
 And Vales and Streams romantic, far remov'd
 In that blest Isle beyond the roaring Streight,
 They leave, and under Banners streaming wide,
 Sown o'er with Royal Lilies, like a Rock
 Stand firm, and dare the conquering Chiefs of
 France.

2nd. Director. O England, there appears thy
 mighty arm.

But for thy prowess and triumphant Fleet,
 Sicilia for the worth of his high Crown
 Had not our anger dar'd: and but for Thee
 Had from his high Throne fall'n, ere this, with
 shame.

1st. Director. Arm, arm, ye Gauls, through
 all our Provinces
 Be Trumpets sounded, Standards rear'd. Shake off
 Ye Youths, the inglorious sloth of peace, and fly
 Forth to the borders of your Realm. All France
 Rising at once will scarce avert the storm
 Rais'd by triumphant England; O how chang'd
 From Her, whom in our empty boasts so late
 We doom'd to ruin sure and final shame.

To the same **MARINER.**

Mariner. England upon the Atlantic Conqueror rides,

2nd. Director. Call back thy speech, unmanner'd Royalist,

It shall not be. In all the power of words
There's not a sound that so offends my sense.
Infamous Wretch, thou drudge of factious Men.
Who wish it so. Out of my sight. What! ho!
Off with the prating Gaul to hot Cayenne.

Mariner. As I do live I speak but what I saw,
I have been tofs'd upon the stormy Main.
We dar'd the driving storm unaw'd: We dar'd
The waves that rose in Mountains round our Barks;
And o'er the dark Sea saw at length remote
Ierna's misty Mountains rise: The Foe
With spreading Sails in threatful state appear'd
Far off: We met: Severe the fight but short:
Three of our Barks advantag'd by the Storm,
Alone return'd; and in their course, alas!
Descried at distance o'er the swelling waves

Seven

Seven Gallic Vessels, bearing o'er the Seas
Legions entire, Arms, and illustrious Chiefs,
Their Banners fallen, and led by Conquerors, hold
Their mournful course to Britain's hostile Shore.

2nd. Director O name not, name no more that
hated Isle.

It haunts my troubled mind in dreams, and drive,
Nightly Repose from me, and wonted Rest.

Europe in wonder views her mighty Feats :

And, by her great example forc'd, appears

Again in Arms, and thunders in the Field.

Be it to sound of Trump instant proclaim'd,

That no man speak through France on pain of
death.

Of England's Glory. Ruin on his head

Who with applause can treat our Conquerors,

Or sigh desponding o'er his Country's shame.

To them a BELGIAN,

Belgian. Tremble, august Directors, England's

Steel

Hath struck into the very heart of France.

Wild

Wild discontents run through the troubled Realm,
 Ready to burst in fury forth. The Youth
 Of Belgium, born on Demer and slow Scheld,
 Rebellious rear the standard proud, and hurl
 Defiance to the unconquer'd Sons of France.
 They scorn, 'tis said, to stoop beneath a Power,
 Whom on the Seas a single Isle controuls.

1st. DIRECTOR. 2nd. DIRECTOR. MINI-
 STER. CHORUS.

Minister. Over the Alps expect commotions
 dire.

Ere since, by hard necessity compell'd,
 We left the Sea to our great Foe, the States
 Ligurian and Cisalpine, friends of France,
 Creatures of our formation, brooking ill
 The foreign Yoke, murmur, and into Arms
 Threaten to rush. Another such defeat
 By Albion given, Hesperia's numerous Realms
 Will rising spurn at France; and all our sway
 On Po and Tiber be as Shadows past.

1st. Director. O disappearing hope, O fading
 dream,

Object

Object of all our wishes, Albion's fall
 Just brought within our seeming reach, now snatch'd
 For ever from us. O tormenting State !
 Thrown down from our high hopes, disgrac'd,
 And Impotent, we see our Rival rise
 In Glory, and display her mighty Power,
 At once our dread and envy. O ye hours
 Of dark misfortune, how do all your thoughts
 Sad of themselves, assume a gloomier hue
 When guilt disdains the means in ruin clos'd.
 Defeat brings Infamy. Final success
 With Glory had obscur'd all shame. Disgrace
 Instead, and reprobation, with contempt
 Commingled, will on the disastrous act
 Attend, and from our puniest Foes incurr'd,
 Sicilia, Melita, and Othman's Race.
 O state of human sufferings, most severe,
 Most base, when Man baffled in guilty schemes,
 Indignant swelling, is the scoff of those
 Whom he contemns, yet wants the power to awe.

2nd. Director. Talk not of guilt, or shame, or
 troublous thoughts.

Be War our theme. All Europe under arms
 At the great call of proud triumphant England

G

Rises

Rises on France : Why let her come entire :
 We will not die like Traitors : In the field
 We will be found buried beneath a Pile
 Of our fierce Foes. They shall adorn our fall
 With flow of the most noble blood, that beats
 In European Veins. Their's, with success,
 Be Death, and Desolation, and Lament,
 Ours, though with final Ruin, wide Revenge.

CHORUS. STROPHE I.

It comes, it comes, the deathful hour :
 Over the Eastern Hills of France
 The Watchman from his highest Tower
 Sees Europe's threatful Sons advance.
 Along the Mountain's craggy height,
 Hosts upon Hosts, in dread array,
 Their long unfolding Files display
 Beneath the Morn's full blazing light :
 And Helms and Arms terrific gleam ;
 And blood red Banners waving stream.
 O'er Mountain, Wood, and Heath,
 They chaunt the song of Death.

Hark !

Hark ! under War's dread Engine groans the
Wheel.

Hark ! how the Plain is struck with sounding
Hoofs of Steel.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Visions of horror, come not near,
But spare, O spare, my aching eye :
The Young the Brave beneath the Spear
Stretch'd o'er the plain unnumber'd lie..

Hark ! to the Cannon's horrid sound.

Lo ! furious o'er the prostrate throng

The Horseman rapid flits along :

Rivers of blood pollute the ground.

Bathing his Arm in human gore ;

See Vengeance walks the dire Field o'er.

And while, dissolv'd in tears,

Soft Pity disappears,

Ambition in his bright Car on the Plain

Uprears his Giant Front, and hails his prosperous
Reign.

STROPHE 2.

Behold yon peaceful City round
 Wild slaughter breathing Legions close.
 At once hath ceas'd each mirthful sound,
 The careless smile, and sweet repose.
 For spotted Pestilence is there ;
 And Famine, who with faded bloom
 Sits pointing to the open'd tomb ;
 And Terror fix'd in stupid stare,
 While nightly through the darken'd sky
 The Balls in fiery arches fly ;
 Or chance, when all at rest
 With silent sleep are bless'd,
 Sudden the Mine springs with explosion dire,
 And with earth shaking blast breathes forth a storm
 of fire.

ANTISTROPHE 2.

The lofty City bows its head,
 The massy Gates the Turrets fall :
 And furious rush with thundering tread
 The Legions through the rifted Wall.

Toss'd

Toss'd high the fiery Torches flash :
 While blazing Temples cast a light
 Disastrous through the gloomy Night.
 Hark ! how the falling Ruins crash !
 The Widow's shriek the Orphan's cry
 Rais'd in despair, ascend the sky ;
 Save who in horror flee,
 And from the high hills see
 Their wide extended Domes, to ruin giv'n,
 Roll a long tide of fire, mingled with smoke, to
 Heav'n.

EPODE.

Arise, O Christian God, arise ;
 Pity our sorrows, hear our cries :
 To thee of yore on Loire and Seine,
 Our Fathers rear'd the sacred Fane,
 And rais'd the rapturous hymn divine,
 And fill'd with breathing sweets the shrine.
 Although thy law in evil hour
 We left, and spurn'd thy holy power,
 Yet, bruis'd by thy avenging hand,
 Sad objects of thy wrath we stand,

And

And lift to thee the melting eye.
O heal our sorrows, hear our cry,
So with thy Temples be our Mountains
crown'd;
And suppliant crowds before thy Altars
bend,
While swinging Censers breathe their fra-
grance round,
And the full Organ's swelling Notes ascend;
And through the vaulted Roof and lengthen-
ing Isle,
The loud Hosannas rise and fill the echoing
Pile.

1st. DIRECTOR. MINISTER. CHORUS.

1st. *Director.* O days of shame, end of all joy
to France.

Minister. Stranger to sleep, I pass'd a trou-
blous night;

And morning came, not as it wont, with hope
Of Triumphs sweeten'd, but unwelcome made
With thought of Britain, her renown and joy.

Chorus.

Chorus. See with disturbed Gait and Countenance wild
The Citizen doth hither hie in haste.

2nd. DIRECTOR. 1st, DIRECTOR.
MINISTER. CHORUS.

2nd. Director. If I do live, I saw him.

Chorus. Mighty God!

What mean thy words?

2nd. Director. Not as we knew him here,
Humbled, a Sufferer, Majesty extinct,
But in high Glory, cloath'd with radiant light.

Chorus. Whom hast thou seen?

2nd. Director. The hour is nigh at hand,
When on the Throne of his great Ancestors
A King shall sit: and our stupendous work,
The great Republic, pass'd away, become
But as a Vision flown, an empty Dream:
Me warning terrible hath visited.

1st. Director. Whence comes this dreadful, this
prophetic voice?

2nd. Director. There is a God, there is a God.

Chorus.

Chorus. There is :

And Him all Creatures early or late must own.

2nd. Director. O night to be forgotten ne'er !

Such Night

Till this I never pass'd : Nor such again

Would pass for the full sway of the wide World.

Hear then. After long tossing, into sleep

I sunk ; and in my dream I stood, methought,

On a Green Plain, o'er which the rising Sun

Shone pleasant : at one end, beneath its orb,

Under a Canopy of noble State,

With steps ascendant, stood a Throne : around

Were hangings rich, Crimson inwrought with Gold

Adorn'd with fam'd devices, pictur'd Shields,

And Signs Armorial, grace of elder times.

Around were rang'd, who once of all the Land

Highest were deemed. Princes, and titled Chiefs,

And holy Fathers mitred. Down the Plain

Long Files of armed Youth with glittering Helms

Stretch'd far, beneath white Banners rang'd. The

Hills,

That on each side rose gentle, were o'erspread

With gazing Crowds, their tops with high Trees

crown'd.

Cedar

Cedar and Pine. While on the wonderous scene
 I gaz'd, appearing from the furthest end
 Of the green Plain, a Form like that, which Bards
 Feign of Britannia, forward mov'd. Her port
 Was Martial, and inspired awe. A Shield
 She bore, on which a Lion was impress'd:
 And on her Helm, with lofty bending Plumes
 Enrich'd, was wrought in Golden Characters,
 BRITAIN OF EUROPE SAVIOUR, FRIEND OF
 FRANCE.

Beside her one of Royal Carriage mov'd
 On through the radiant Files, which, as she pass'd,
 Paid homage, up to the Imperial Throne,
 Midst Soul inspiring sounds of martial notes,
 And the loud voice of joyous multitudes,
 She led him. At the foot arriv'd, she bow'd
 Stately her Helm, and disappear'd. The Steps
 He mounted; and, upon his Throne uprais'd,
 With Countenance of Joy, Mercy, and Love,
 Look'd round. At once the Peers, the Princely
 Forms,

The Legions, and the People numberless
 Sent up a Shout of universal Praise,
 That seem'd to rend the air. Tears of delight

burst

H

Burst

Burst from ten thousand Eyes. - When sudden, lo !
 Omen prodigious, to the West all eyes
 Were turn'd : From out an amber Cloud appear'd,
 Circled with radiant light, the Form benign
 Of Louis, Martyr once, now Saint in Heaven :
 Such I must speak him, such mine eyes beheld.
 Upon the gorgeous Scene his gaze he fix'd,
 And wav'd a Palm Branch ; seeming so to bless
 His People, and approve their holy work ;
 Then with a bright Cloud veil'd, was seen no
 more.

Chorus. Lo ! what a Glory fills the Grove ;
 and see

Down yonder hill, circled with winged Spirits,
 A Form, the Image of our martyr'd King,
 Slowly descending moves.

1st. DIRECTOR. 2nd. DIRECTOR. MI-
 NISTER. (together).

Away, away, away.

SPIRIT of LOUIS. CHORUS.

Louis. O Groves, and Plains, sweet Gardens,
 banks of Seine,

Blood-

Blood-stain'd. and spread with mournful Corſes,
 once

Far other, in the blythe dance beat, and ſounds
 Echoing of Joy, beneath my gentle Rule;
 How are ye chang'd ! of all the good and great
 Diſpeopled, whom in Hall and empty Fane
 Gazing I miſs. O France, O native Land,
 Ungrateful were thy Sons, whom yet I love,
 And mourn their guilt, their ſhame, their miſery.
 Would I could aid them now, as once I toil'd
 Mortal, by night, by day, to work them good.

Chorus. Spirit of Mercy, great is thy reward
 In happier Worlds, we hope, thy deſtin'd Seat.

Louis. O Frenchmen, O my People, weak
 your hope

Of prosperous days, freedom, and peace, and joy
 Or ſocial, or domeſtic, while perplex'd
 In error, from right reaſon far and God
 Ye ſtray, by proud conceits and fancies wild,
 Offspring of minds vain and miſled, enſlav'd.
 Deluſion ſtrange, that Men, ſo largely endow'd
 With intellect divine, ſhould think, that leagu'd
 For general good, they vindicate the rights
 Of mercy, while they bathe their ſwords in blood;

Of Justice, while they rob the poor and weak ;
 Of Nature, while all her soft ties they loose ;
 Of Freedom, while to Exile or to Death
 They lead forth all who dare oppose their will ;
 Of Reason, while the curb they rudely pluck
 From Passions fierce and vile, Reason's worst Foes.
 They did their God reject ; and He in turn,
 Unhappy Race, rejecting gives them up,
 As once the Ancient World, that they should trust
 In falsehoods, and to gross dishonour fall,
 And, boasting to be wise, sink nigh to Brutes.

Chorus. O my unhappy Sons, in You we trace
 The features now describ'd, too sad, too true.

Louis. Beneath an Iron Sceptre now they groan
 Sore bruise'd, sure, and of all, who impious rush
 Into such state. When Reason quits her Seat,
 And base affections riot, and let loose
 Men into all disorders furious run
 Brute like ; Then Force, the only sway, which
 Brutes

Acknowledge ; must to them uplift her voice
 Omnipotent, and raise her mighty Arm.
 Which, where it falls, destroys. They bend mean time
 Submiss ; and, certain mark of vicious mind,

Most

Most base upon their proud Oppressors fawn.

Chorus. Would we had bravely fall'n in early youth!

We had not then beheld our Sons worse slaves,
Than base Morocco's Casts, or fierce Algiers.

Louis. O my unhappy People, ye are us'd
In anger by high God, for Righteous ends
Undoubted, but through means, your own free
choice,

Teeming with Guilt: ye are selected forth,
Like Pestilence, or Famine, or the Storm,
To be the Ministers of wrath on Realms
Fall'n, and to ruin doom'd. Therefore awhile
He doth uphold you high in power; and wealth,
And what misnam'd vain men call 'Glory, gives;
Ere long, your direful service o'er, to fall
Into neglect, and impotence, and shame
As signal, as was late your dreaded Might.

Chorus. O at that hour of Visitation who
Shall stand unhurt, or his rais'd wrath abide?

Louis. Ye hop'd to build your Realm on
Britain fall'n.

As easy might ye the vast Earth-bound Rock
Pluck from the Deep, or stay the rolling Sphere,

As

As over Britain Conqueror stand. She rules
 In Justice, and the weal of all the world
 Seeks in her Councils. High her Rulers sit
 'Bove all temptation rais'd; and fend far forth
 Their Armaments, the wonder of the World,
 And Men and Chiefs in skill and gallant deeds
 Never excell'd. And, what is sure defence
 'Bove Spear or Shield, they place their hope in God;
 And going forth to war, or home return'd
 Triumphant; offer up to him their Prayers
 Of Praise, or for Protection. Therefore He
 Blesses their arms, and gives them Power and Wealth
 And Glory; and o'er all the spacious Globe
 Makes them his Instruments of future good
 To Nations savage now, in distant times
 Destin'd to Greatness and Endowments high.
 Ye have no power over their mighty strength:
 But from themselves can they experience change
 Of their blest state. Till they have left the paths
 Of justice, and their God forgotten, He,
 'Tis certain, will not leave their favour'd Isle
 Or give them up to Foes and mortal Strength.

Chorus. O that our Sons, the people of this
 Land,

Would

Would by an Enemy be taught; and formed
To rival worth, ascend to rival Fame.

Louis. May you be blest: In other Worlds on
high
Your King, your Martyr, He, who eighteen years,
Toil'd for your peace, now watches o'er your weal
In such fort, as departed Spirits may.

(SOUND OF TRUMPETS).

Chorus. Hark! 'tis the war Trump.

Louis. O my Gauls, repent.
And to the high God of your Fathers turn.
Be Just: Be Merciful: Ambition check:
Leave War: Each upon other bend the Eye
Of Charity: and bid my people sit
Under their Vines, and eat their bread in peace.
So only can ye hope, blessed of Heaven,
Respect though Nations round, and Peace at home.

Chorus. See to the Borders of our Kingdom rush
The Legions forth, and darken all the Plain.

Louis. O Frenchmen, O my People, O my Sons,
What a most awful crisis is at hand:
Rivers of Gallic blood must flow; up torn

From

From their foundations lofty Cities fall ;
 The Rocks and lonely Mountains be o'erspread
 With Corfes ; through the land from side to side
 Mourning be seen, and deep lamentings heard,
 And Desolation sadden all the Realm.
 O Frenchmen, O my people, O my Sons,
 Mised ye deem'd that guilty means, if used
 For Righteous ends, to Virtue lead and Peace :
 But find alas ! too late, they surely bring
 That foulest state of prostituted Mind,
 Guilt without shame and Punishments unfelt.

Chorus. God of our Fathers, in thy mercy, O
 Shorten the time of our calamities :
 In our extremest age, ere yet we go
 Down to the Grave, O grant that we may see
 Our Sons, to Thee and to right Reason turn'd,
 Repose in Peace, and live through prosperous days,
 Their God their Guardian, and their King their
 Guide.



F I N I S.

